MVSARVM LACHRYMÆ:

SIVE

ELEGIA COLLEGII SANCTÆ ET INDIVIDVÆ TRINITATIS IVXTA DVBLIN:

IN OBITVM

ILLVSTRISSIMAE ET RELIGIOSISSIMAE HEROINAE, CATHARINAE,

Comitissæ *Corcagiæ*, Vxoris Honoratissimi RICHARDI, Comitis *Corcagiæ*, vnius ex [illegible] marijs Iusticiarijs totius Regni Hyberniæ.

DVBLINII

Ex Officina [illegible], Regij [illegible]. 1642.

MVSARVM

ANGLICANÆ:

SIVE

REGIA COLLEGII

SANCTÆ ET INDIVIDVÆ

TRINITATIS IVXTA

DUBLIN:

IN OBITVM

ILLVSTRISSIMÆ

HEROINÆ, CATHARINÆ,

Comitissæ Corcagiæ, Vxoris

Honoratissimi Richardi

Comitis Corcagiæ, virtutem Vi-

rumq; subducentis te-

tro Regni Hyberni.

Dvblinii,

Excudebat Societatis Bibliopolarum, Typis

Anno 1633.

AD ILLVSTRISSIMVM ET HONORATISSIMVM Dominum RICHARDVM Corcagiæ Comitem, & unum ex Iusticiariis Primariis totius Regni Hiberniæ, Præfatio.

OFferimus (Generose Comes) quæ mœsta Maritæ
flevit in exequias nostra Camæna tuæ,
Et quæ funereas præcessit mœnia pompas,
en venit incultis conspicienda modis.
Accipe, sed placidâ, musas quâ amplectere, dextrâ
carmina de Dominæ funere rupta piæ.
Illa interfusas si sint habitura lituras,
conjice, nos lachrymis condoluisse tuis;
Sunt animi testes, lachrymæ, non falsa dolentis,
quas perturbato pectore reddit amor.
Det Deus, optamus, sponsæ quos invidet annos
annis adjungat Parca benigna tuis.

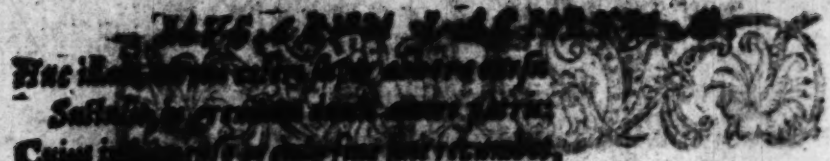
In obitum illustrissimæ Heroinæ *Catharinæ* Comitissæ de Corca Carmen elegiacum.

GLoria Momenæ occubuit matrona Sacrarum,
Religionis amor, nobilium decus.
Exemplar soboli, pia Deiopæa marito,
Pauperibus Dorcas, hæc Comitissa fuit.
Magna hæc fortuna Phœbæo vellere dives,
Maior honore tamen, nec, bonitate minor.
Meta tenet, palmam fuis pia facta coronat,
Cœlestis vitæ vt, morte beata fuit.
Hæc Catharina sacris thalamis nunc cognita fulget,
Vni etenim CHRISTO *est sponsa dicata sue.*
O ter fœlices queis talis filia nata est,
De genitore sagax, de genitrice pia.
Inter avi cineres hæc nobilis umbra cubabit,
Qui olim Cæsarei gloria iuris erat.
Relliquias q; patris, quo non consultior alter
Iudicio stabili, consilioq; gravi.
O nimium fœlix, melius quæ insignibus istis
Vix potuit nasci, nobiliusve mari.

In Heroinæ Clarissimæ Catharinæ Comitissæ Corcagiensis obitum deplorandum Carm:

PRæpetibus virtus volat irrequieta per orbem
Pennis; per varios tendit ad astra gradus;
Clara trahens ornata bonis, ornanda futuro
Corda magis secum tempore clara trahens:
Non vis ulla tenet; non impetus impedit ullus;
Non ullam patitur dum volat illa moram.
Inter Cælicolas tandem se sedibus altis
Collocat, æternas obtinet alma domos.
Nobilis huc evecta loca Comitissa pervenit.
Illam adeptæ hæc Catharina comes.

Hæc



Hæc illa [illegible]
Sanctissima [illegible]
Cuius in [illegible]
Vt quondam domini sponsa beata fuit.
Sponsa Deo, Deique sponsa virgo nunc illa solutas
Est nodus, falsi nodus at ille nequit.
Hinc mors discedat; valeant inopina timentes
Fata; vivet dominum iam Catharina Deum.

Dav. Thomas. soc. sen.

In obitum illustrissimæ, nec non religiosissimæ Dominæ
Catherinæ Comitissæ Corcagiæ, vxoris Honoratissimi
Richardi Comitis Corcagiensis, vnius ex primarijs
Iusticiarijs pro regno Hybern. Carm. Fun.

AN. { Catherina Boil.
{ Hinc ibo relata.

REdde animam patri, impio nam Hinc ire relata,
Accipe Christe tuam, triste cadauer hume.
Non valet in mortem generosa stirpe creata,
Non pia vita valet, casta, pudica, gravis.
Mors nulli parcit, mortem gustabit auarus
Infans, at & senex, dives, inops & simul.
Mors vincit: quam matronam pietate secundam
Nulli; non superat, mors fera vita latet.
Mors tua non mors est, sed permutatio vitæ,
Vita caduca prior, vita diurna sequens.
Spiritus astra colit, terrâ at fama superstes,
Mortua, sed vivens æthere læta, solo est.

כתרינה בויליה
בירא חיא נחלכת

[illegible] לחות רבוי כלכו נמרת
זרם וילוך חיא בחורמו חולכת
טלא חגינת מסיר לרך וכרה
[illegible] נפוחה לא טרשב חסכה
[illegible] מתנשא וגוח לשאל
[illegible] חוח אש קצר וח יכל
[illegible] חוח נלל נתח בשטים
[illegible] כחר עכבר נחלת נפ נח חסירם

Ric. Boil. soc. sen. C. C.

MVSARVM LACHRYMÆ.

Memoriæ Sacrum.

In obitum honoratissimæ fœminæ Catharinæ Comitissæ de Corke Thom. Price soc. sen: posuit

EN quocunque feres gressus dolor, anxius instat,
Ipsa negat latos auribus aura sonos.
Qui facturus iter per inhospita saxa doloris
Obviat, et vires iam negligit usq; suas.
Nulla subumbroso lascivit palmite Nympha,
Sed querulis fibras quatitibus aptat iners.
Regia iam felix ostro, auroq; superba
Pullis nigrescit vestibus, illa gemit.
Non aliter Pinus, flammis levis usta coruscis
Primo vere suis frondibus orba, dolet.
Immensos Titan laceres nunc ungue capillos,
Quin et stellifugam nube reconde diem:
Causa subest quæ nube, magis tenebrosa, dolosa
Opperuit natum quæ Cytherea pium:
Hâc tu suffundas vultum, non oscula spares,
Funera nec fletus mater amoris amat:
Funus at et fletus (fletus quàm funus honestant)
Pectora, cœno piceo turbine, nostra premunt.
Sollicitas lachrymas quis tantus extitit author?
Nostris est impar viribus illa dolus.
Alitis ast urges ut rem repetamus? ineptè
Participem infandi te cupis esse mali.
Sacra docent Patrem peccasse oracula primum,
Interdicta miser dum data poma capit.
Certa fuit tanti lethum vindicta reatus,
Dum genus humanum lex subiret eques fuit.
Gens ex ipso hæret, cum iam sit postera facta sui,
Peccato et pœnæ subdita, iure pari.
Sic natura quibus vitam corrupta ministrat,
Exprimere dedit, quod dedit, ipsa parit.
Quisq; oritur, moritur, cunctis lex una fatetur,
Perpetuum nihil est, sol licet ipse, tuæ.

Nec vagus excedet famosis orbibus illum,
Quem summum cernent: facula sera, fient.
Affatim hostili, nec erit symbola, flamma
Extorsit lachrymas hic, Comes ipsa, suas.
Læti læta canant, sic fas ne tristia tristes:
Hinc solùm planctus pagina nostra gemit.
Terram exosa fugit pietas, nec nescia fletus
Post tua busta, petit limina tetra, pia:
Fletibus ad cælos comitemur, quos penes omnia.
Omnes, quæ virtus sola vocanda facit.
Credimus, in cœlis lætos agis inter Olympos,
Credere quod fas est, hoc dubitare nefas.
Nos tamen orbatos iuvat indulgere dolori,
Hîc tibi contigerit dum reperire parem.
Flere diu liceat, vix sæclis cernitur vlla
Vixit, vix dabunt sæcla futura parem.

PER EVNDEM.

IT is not masculine to shed a teare,
And trembling is the cognizance of feare,
Yet for my heart I can refraine from neither,
Griefe, teares & trembling rack me all together.
Yet *Cæsar* wept at *Pompeys* fall his foe,
And why not I at goodnesse ouerthrow?
Whilst thou didst liue, I liu'd in hope to see
Thy sexe (which chiefly was renowned in thee)
Had prou'd so constant in thine imitation
That honour'd vertue had become their fashion.
Adulterate beautyes, & immodest dyes,
Which foster folly, & vnchast desires,
Had bene more odious to all Ladies minds
Then vncouth garments, or to come behinde.
For thou esteem'dst it better not to be,
Then to be fram'd to theire times vanity,
But thou, who erst did'st dif[illegible] each eye
By thine example to [illegible]
Thou, in whose actions each thing was so good

Did

Did speake it selfe, yet was not understood,
Hast left the world, that by thy happie end
Whom thy life could not, them thy death might mend.

In obitum serenissimæ Dominæ, Do: Catharinæ, Comitissæ Corke.

Anag. { Catherina Boile / hinc lætor abire }

Vita duplex hominum prior impia; pura secunda:
Hæc æternæ sequens; illa caduca prior.
Prima suos fallit falsâ sub imagine; vero
Compensat vitæ vitæ secunda suæ.
Prima principium dulce est; sed finis amarus:
Principio grauis est, sine secunda placet.
Mors ut vita duplex; hæc mobilis, illa perennis
Hæc optata bonis; illa parata malis.
Mortem vita prior, vitam mors prima secundam
Procreat; ergo; mori prima petenda salus.
Hinc vitæ pia vota piæ solatia sumunt,
Vita, piis mors est; mors, sua vita piis.
Vita vota suæ, vivo iam nomine constat in illa,
Perpetuâ nexuit, vita fuere mori.
Dissolui Cupiens hinc (inquit) lætor abire
Et vitam Christum lætor adire sacram.
A curis, O terra tuis hinc lætor abire;
Ad tua, Cælum, lætor adire chori.
Ergo
Terra tibi terrestre tuum concede cadauer,
Quam dederas animam, consecro Christe tibi.

An Elegie vpon the death of the right noble and vertuous Lady, the La: Katherine Countesse of Corke.

TO thee deare soule I consecrate my verse,
Not to adorne, but blot thy sacred herse
With teares of sorrow, for whil'st other men
Extoll thy worth, I wish some angells pen
Might write what my sad soule cannot expresse. The

The more griefe ſtrucke, it ſtill performes the leſſe;
And when it thinkes on thy eternall ſleepe,
Growes dumbe, and ſighes to teach the world to weepe.
Thou perfect embleme of th' uncertaine ſtate
Of this vaine world, in thee the lawes of fate
Truely appeare; for though the glorious rayes
Of glittring honour, wealth and peacefull dayes
Dazle the pur-blind ſence of wretched man,
Whoſe earth compoſed ſubſtance neuer can
Aſpire to heau'nly thoughts, or once foreſee
The fearefull period of proſperitie,
Yet all from thee may Learne (their Chriſt-croſſe vow,
And ſpell out that their wiſedome could not know,
And teach this leſſon to ſecured breath,
Nothing can ſtopp th' inſatiate jawes of death.
If honour could or aw'd authoritie,
If pow'rfull wealth, religious pietie,
If vertues faireſt ſelfe with all her traine
Of heau'nly iſſue free from ſpot or ſtaine,
Or all that ſtyles man happie in this life,
Or can adorne a noble loyall wife,
Could worke this feate, ſoe ſoone thou hadſt not fled,
Nor thou dead-liuing left us liuing-dead:
For all theſe things thou didſt at full poſſeſſe,
And heau'ns high hand thy anncеſtors did bleſſe
With all that might the name of bleſſing gaine,
And thou that ſprung'ſt vp from that noble ſtraine,
And did'ſt to ſuch a pitch of vertue mount,
Art the briefe totall of their large account.
What ſhould I heere thy famous Grand-ſire cite
Thrice learned *Doctor Wylſo* whoſe cleare light
Of law, and conſcience ſhin'd ſo bright all the while
That noble Sydney rul'd this Iſle,
That he was made Lord Chancellor of this land,
And weigh'd proceedings with ſo equall hand
And conſcionable poize, that 'mongſt the fellowes
This kingdomes annalls rank him whether beſt
For learning, law and vertue. This was he

Who

Who 'midſt a world of honours did fore-ſee,
That needefull ſhip-merchandize would ſoone o'reſway,
His ſoules faire ſhip: and rather would giue way
To throw o'reboord his trafficke then endure
Danger of ſhip-wracke: and to make all ſure
(Whil'ſt ſome ambitious worldlings with full ſent
Purſu'd their fortunes) he with pure intent,
Made ſuite vnto his Prince to be releas'ſt
From part of his great honours, yet not ceas'ſt
From vertuous actes: to whom his Prince replyes
(Viewing his lowe deſires with gracious eyes)
"*Weſton* I'ue oft beene ſu'de to, to augment
"Office and honours ſince my gouernment,
"But ne're beheld petition to aſpire
"To th'umble height of true contents deſire
"Vntill I read thy ſuite. Or what ſhould I
Vpon thy honour'd fathers worth relye
Sir *Geffrey Fenton*? whoſe approued witt,
Deepe iudgment, loyall heart, made him moſt fitt
To be ſtate ſecretarie of this Realme,
And priuie Counſeller, To whoſe cleare ſtreame
Of honour'd worth thoſe ſacred ſprings doe runne,
Which in thy mothers breaſt were firſt begunne;
Whoſe heau'nly luſtre, and bright ſhining rayes
Of vertue, makes her wonder of her dayes
And mirrour of her ſex, where all may ſpie
The leaſt ſpot of their ſoules deformity.
Her Charitie full of religious fire
The beſt of men extoll, the worſt admire.
And thou that iſſu'dſt from ſo faire a ſpring,
How could'ſt thou but faire fruits of vertue bring?
Each drop of blood ſhee gaue thy veines to fill,
Some vertue did into thy ſoule diſtill.
But could thine owne worth put death to a ſtand,
Or haue the pow'r to ſmooth his rugged hand,
T'a wiſe, rich, noble Earle thou waſt a mate,
Whoſe wiſedome now ſits at the helme of ſtate
To guide the ſhip of Iuſtice through the ſeas
Of this corrupted age, which now at eaſe

Saile

Sailes ev'n and faire vnto her heauenly port.
No golden fisted Syrens dare resort
Vnto her hallowed seate; No greatnes can
Oppresse the poore distressed wronged man.
And to thy hearts content didst liue to see
The pawnes of loue betwixt thy Lord and thee,
The hopefull issue of thy loyall bed
Like clustred grapes did round about thee spread
With sweet loue and imbracements to entwine
Thee, as their happie, faire, and fruitfull vine,
Fiue sonnes, whereof two Viscounts, heav'n did lend,
A third a Baron; nor did these intend
To set a limit to thy happinesse
But with eight daughters, did thy bosome blesse.
Thus did'st thou liue his true contented wife,
And the sweete blessings of thy happie life
Did'st from faire honours spring so amply drawe,
That three braue Lords became thy sonnes in lawe,
Earle *Barrimore* that auncient honour'd Peere,
With noble *Digbie*; and the hopefull Heire
Of great Lord *Goring*; as a pledge assign'd
Of other summes of honour yet behinde,
Which Heau'n out-stretched hand meanes to bestowe,
That honour still may with thy vertue growe,
And her blest seed in thy faire bosome nourish,
That fruitfull vertue after death may flourish.
For 'tis prepar'd, with sacred nuptiall rite,
Three more of thy faire Daughters to vnite
To three, whose worth and well-deserued fame
May still eternize thy thrice honour'd name,
Renown'd *Kildare* prime Earle of this our Ile,
Whose auncient race, and still continued stile
Of honour, vertue, valour, (from the time
His Auncestours bare sway within this Clime)
Filling the writings, mouthes, and hearts of men,
Commaund a silence to my worthlesse pen,
Next Viscount *Ranelagh* right noble Heire,
Whose Grandsire erst these honour'd titles bare,

Lord Chauncellour, who rul'd with great command.
The third is to be joyn'd in *Hymenæate*
Vnto the issue of that noble Knight
Sir Adam Loftus councellor of state
His worthy heyre: whose great grandfather sate
In that same chayre of double government,
And sway'd his double charge with such content,
That with a full applause he did inherite
That double honour, by a double merite
Of well-squar'd Iustice, and true Pietie,
Whereon the life of Church and weale relye.
And still this theame of worth great *Loftus* name,
Lives maugre death fresh in the mouth of fame,
Whose golden Trompe sounds with impartiall breath,
"Their vertue, wisdome, worth, have vanquisht death.
"And now in happie honour fairely flourish
"In the braue branches, which this stocke doth nourish.
The best-growne graft of which renowned store
Is Viscount *Ely*, Irelands Chancellor
Whose stately growth in vertue, faire, vpright,
Scornes the base prop of vndeserving light.
No stormie blast of envious discontent
That still breathes mischiefe on the innocent,
Nor the deceitefull and bewitching rayes
Of a faire-seeming sun, the soothing praise
Of mercenarie tongues, nor sun nor wind
Can shake or wither this faire tree assign'd
By heau'ns decree to flourish still, and spring,
And the ripe fruites of growing vertue bring.
Whom now our Prince hath (to this Realmes content,)
Ioyn'd with his phæte in height of government;
And (in his princely care of both their good
But chiefly, 'cause his grace well vnderstood
That selfe-devided kingdomes cannot stand
And beare th' vneuen yoke, and heauie hand,
Of a disioynted state, so surely knitt

Their faire designes in one, that now they sitte
In seate of state, so link'd in loue together
That nought but sweet content is seene in either.
No harsh, vnpleasing discord now appeares,
But all sounds timely musicke to our eares,
All *parties* for publicke good so well agree
In sweet consent, and pleasing harmonie,
That now we cannot but with ioy commend
This vnion, happie in it's blessed end.
By these vnited blessings all may see
Honour, wealth, worth, iustice, integritie,
And all that can compose a happie state,
In thy faire blood to be incorporate.
And to augment thy ioyes and make compleate
Thy sweet contents, heau'n made thy heare the seate
Of lineall vertue, from thy Grand-sires sprung,
Where, (thy owne graces being mixt among)
That which from them but droppingly distill'd
Grew to a sea, and that rich vessell fill'd
But O, these streames of ioy bearing ioyn'd sute,
Heau'n call'd, death strucke, and thou alas art gone.
O death that nothing but priuation art,
Yet shak'st the courage of the stoutest heart,
Thou sterne destroyer of all flesh and blood,
Thou awe of bad men, comfort of the good,
Natures grimme Sergeant, messenger of Iove
That summon'st all to his high Court aboue,
How cruell was thy barbarous intent
To robbe the world of this rich ornament,
Could not thy curious searching eye find out
Some painted peece of clay that trip't about
With outward borrowed glory to amaze
The eyes of fooles that vainely stand to gaze
And idolize weake flesh? this prize might well
Adorne thy poore rich melancholy cell.
But thou must grow ambitious in thy choyce,
And snatch her in whom heau'n and earth reioyce.

Shee

Thee that might boast her glory was her owne,
Being lock'd vp in her breast not outward showne,
Where heauen's hand kept it from the world's vaine eye
Wrapt in a vaile of humble modestie.
Thy conquest in an empty Casket doth lye;
The jewels plac'd in heau'ns rich treasurie;
For her refined soule more pure then gold,
Brookes not the prison of base earthy mould.
But how doth griefe transport my wandring minde?
In thee sweet death faire attributes I finde;
Thou art a peacefull Port after the storme
Of this world's troubled sea, and though thy forme
Seeme vglie to a sinfull sensuall man,
Thou art heau'ns doore, and that judiciall fan
That winnowes all the deeds of mortall breath;
For no man's truely happy but in death.
This did that blessed soule long time fore-see
And shun'd thee not, but dayly look'd for thee.
Through thy transparant *Carasse* she did spye
A doore that led to immortalitie.
So thou that worldly men with fear doest vexe,
At last are conquer'd by the weaker sexe.
Her rent to Nature's pay'd, and all's made euen,
For she hath payd her chief-rent vnto heauen,
Where, with celestiall angells she doth sing
Sweet hymnes in honour of her heauenly king.
Sing on sweet soule in blest eternity,
While we with sighes, sobbes, teares, keepe time to thee.

EPITAPH.

THe Curious Cabinet of heau'n rich treasure,
Chast vertue, honour, wit, by death's sad seizure
Heere freed from worldly cares, doth sweetly rest,
Earth holds her grosser part, but heau'n her best.

In obitum illustrissimæ Heroinæ Catherinæ Comitissæ Cantabrigiæ carmen quo consolatur Dominum suum, ne suum lugeat discessum.

Catherina Boil.

Catherina Boile Heroina Cantabrigiæ hujus Loci

QVid gemitus spiras? lachrymas quid fundis inanes?
Heu cessent lachrymæ, silentur suspiria, cessent
Letitiæ lachrymæ, cessent gemitus, suspiria, fletus.
Gaudia, dispergunt vestri solatia luctus.
Ne gemitu frangas, lachrymarum gaudia, mœstum
Lætari hinc ibo, nullis hactenus inferet
Defectum vestis sol noster, nescius occidi
Occasum nullum, sapphiram non nubila sternent
Lætitiæ lucem, vestræ mœstitiæ gaudia desunt
Faucibus absterget lachrymas, quæ gaudia spirant
Placato ventos, frisetis vectus zephyris serenis
Vt majora tuæ tendam ad gaudia fontes.

WHy flow thy teares? why gusht thy sighes? what hurt
These clowd thy ioyes? in griefe these drowne thy mirth?
Thy tide of teares swolne with thy sighes, thy groanes
Make shipwracke of my ioyes, lost in thy moanes.
Is with my life, thy todie ended that now
When I reioyce, you wither for no cause?
We who in life of all the fortund bane
An equall portion, now vnequall share
Of ioye and griefe, (my deare) whence may proceede
This vnknowne alteration: what may breede
This suddaine change? can I giue ought to thy blisse
Procure thy woe? for I desire it not: this
Thy loue suggests a fearefull jealousie
(For loue is full of feares and iniurie)
Of my suspected blisse, or what estate,
Assign'd is to me by the hand of fate?
Is't so? view ouer my life and there espie
Sure characters of my felicitie;
Each line will dictate to thy doubtfull minde,

So

So sweete a life no bitter death could finde.
So faire beginnings no foule endes attend.
Such as the life, such is the death, like end.
As is beginning: then but ouerlooke
And read my happie death in my liues booke.
I parted hence to joyes, thou mourn'st behinde,
As though in parting I had bene vnkinde;
But fate commands me goe, bids thee to stay,
'Til death's night consummate thy liues short day.
Why should my sun of joy eclipsed bee
By interposed griefes 'twixt me and thee?
Let my reflecting rayes of glee dispell
Those cloudes of griefe that on thy forehead dwell.
My joyes are in th' *increase*, let not the *wane*
O'retake them ere the *full* it come to passe.
Thy griefes wil hasten on their *Change* and bring
Vnwelcome *Autumne*, ere their end of *Spring*,
Make me not almost happie, let me be
All blest, by adding of thy joyes to me.

IN EANDEM.

MY LORD,

MAn in this world, as on a sea is toss't
With mischiefes waues, with fortunes billowes crost;
Now with swolne seas *Presumption* mounts on hie,
Whom *desperation's* gulfe sinkes suddenly,
On this hand *Scylla*, that *Charybdis* stands,
Yonder wrack-threatning rocks, here *Goodwin* sandes;
That midst a thousand dangers wel nie lost,
Man makes his voyage to his wished *coast*.
The *wombe's* the hauen, from whence we launch our boate;
Heau'n is the haun, to which through seas wee floate
The *ship* we sayle in, *Faith*, which if not *Sound*
Our hopes being *ship-wrack't*, in Despaire are drown'd;
Desire, the *Winde*, which with a pleasing gale
Swiftly driues on our *ship*, and fills our Sayle.
Our anchor, *Hope*, ty'd with the *Cord* of loue,

That no tempestuous stormes our *Ship* may moue.
The *Spirit* at the *Helme* of Knowledge sits,
By *compasse* of the word our *ways* directs:
'Till hauing past the danger of the *Straits*,
We dismbarque vs in the *Land* of *Ease*.
Heere, that (with her deceased) you may arriue,
My prayer to the Lord shall bee to giue
You steadfast *Faith*, which may you safely beare,
Through the tempestuous Ocean without feare;
Longing *Desire*, whose pleasant breath may moue
This vessel to that *Hauen* you doe loue;
A constant *Hope*, with Anker sure Cable'd,
That in these *seas*, your *Ship* may safely ride;
The *Spirit* your *Pilot*, *Knowledge Helme* may bee,
The *word* your *Compasse*, 'till this *land* you see.

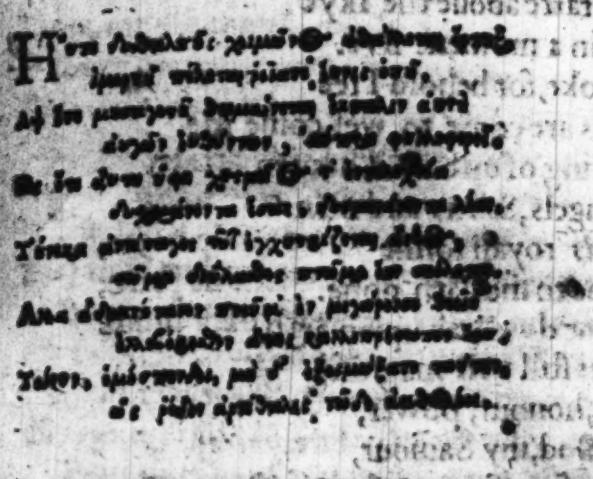
Richard Braham.

Eulogies & Elegies vpon the Death of the most pious and vertuous Ladie *Katherine* Countesse of Cork.

OR

AN ECCHOING CANTICLE.

ΚΑΘΑΡΣΙΝΗΣ ΒΟΤΑΝΙΣ ΘΑΝΑΤΟΦΟΡΟΣ



A Theologicall description of the diuine rapeine and extasie that the blessed soule of this Countesse was in: at it's separation from the body.

BVt is it sure? what, is it possible
My soule enioyes these ioyes vnspeakable?
Am I in heauen? is't certaine that I rise
By death to life, from earth to Paradise?
It cannot be, Angels nor Saints aboue
Halfe of those ioyes possesse that my soule moue.
Surely I dreame, it's my phantasticke braine
Doth frame these figments, these chimera's feigne.
O pleasant dreame: if this a dreame can be,
Would I could dreame thus in eternitie.
If I such Pleasures in my sleepe can take,
Would I could alwayes sleepe and neuer wake.
And neuer wake: O happie then were I
Thus still to dreame, still sleepe, still liue, still die.
Still liue, still dye: a thing that cannot be;
Yes if I alwayes dreame I liue, I die.
As now I doe, me thinkes no life I haue,
And yet a better life I cannot craue.
But doe I dreame? can vnto mortals flow

From

That no tempestuous storme our ship may moue.
The *Spirit* at the *Helme* of Knowledge sits,
By *compasse* of the word our *ways* directs:
'Till hauing past the danger of the *Seas*,
We dismbarque vs in the *Land* of *Ease*.
Heere, that (with her deceased) on my *Parents*
My prayer to the lord shall bee to giue
You steadfast *Faith*, which may you safely beare,
Through the tempestuous Ocean without feare;
Longing *Desire* of heau'n pleasant breath may mouue
This vessel to that *Hauen* you doe loue;
A constant *Hope*, with *Loue* sure Cable ty'd,
That in these *seas*, your *ship* may safely ride;
The *Spirit* your *Pilot*, *Knowledge Helme* may bee,
The *word* your *Compasse*, till this *Land* you see.

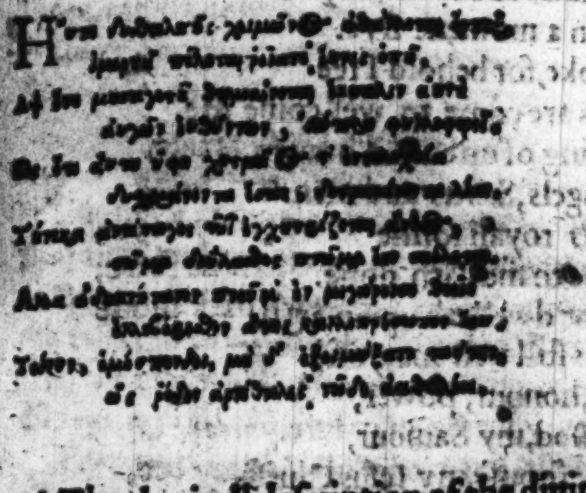
Richard Braborne may sing at his Graue.

Eulogies & Elegies vpon the Death of the most pious and vertuous Ladie *Katherine* Countesse of Corke.

OR

AN EECHOING CANTICLE.

ΚΑΘΑΡΣΙΝΗΣ ΒΟΤΑΝΙΣ ΘΑΝΑΤΟΦΟΡΟΣ



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And yet a better life I cannot craue.
But doe I dreame? can vnto mortals flow

From

From dreames a moy'tie of these ioyes I know:
No sure, I wake; for farre aboue the skye
On Angels wings I in a moment flye.
O glorious sight: looke, for behold I see
Christ and his Saints are come to welcome me.
All haile vnto the King of earth and heauen,
Of all the blessed Angels, Saints and men.
Hosanna vnto *Davids* royall sonne,
For all the fauours hee to me hath done.
All praise to God that dwelleth vp on high,
My soule thy mercies still will magnifie.
All hallelniah, glory, honour, power,
Vnto the Lord, my God, my Sauiour,
Vnto the Lambe my spouse, my Iesus Christ,
To my Messias Prophet, King and Priest.
Praise him with me ye Angels, Saints and men
Both now and euer more. amen amen.

Dudly Bestrill Imitatrix.

In obitum Clarissimæ, nec non religiosissimæ Dominæ, D. *Catharinæ* Comitissæ Corcagensis Planctus Momonius.

NVnc age lugubres mecum mea Musa querelas,
Cum meus insanis luctibus vrna gemit.
Impatiens Phyllis Graia confecta dolore,
Fleuit amygdalina Demophoonta cruce,
Hectoris infaustos flevit fidissima casus
Vxor; et imbriferis Assyrias genis.
Me non Hectorei casus, nec Phyllidis imbres
Inuomptis stimulant fata dolere genis.
Sed te sublatam fatali cuspide Mortis,
Quæ Momoniæ gloria gentis eras,
Gloria gentis eras, generosa, sanguine nata,
Illustri tanto fœmina digna viro,
Te gemimus Dominam Catharinam sorte peremptam
Affatim madidas imbre rigante genas.
Nos tua per varios toget sæpius soles
Ducere Mœsta, planctu et funera tristitiæ.

Pectore

Pectora nos terimus palmis ac ungue capillos,
Fata petunt nostras deteriora domos.
Dicat, cur vitæ rupisti stamina Parca?
Donec contereret tempora justa suæ.
Pacis amica fuit, veræ pietatis amatrix,
Nobilis ac clemens, justa, benigna fuit:
Justa benigna fuit, claræ virtute coruscans,
Comptaq; naturæ dotibus illa fuit.
Illa fuit Baculum infirmis, solamen egenis,
Pes claudo, atq; siti dulce refrigerium,
Illa fuit tegmen nudo oppressoq; levamen,
Esca fami, et captis lumine lumen erat,
Et requies fessis. tu flos & gloria sexus
Fœminei; Quarenæ et numine digna Deæ.
O Quid moror ista sequi? nam virtus, maior in illa,
Quàm mihi sunt vires; dicere plura vetat.
Dicere plura vetat; Quidni? nam tot tibi dotes,
Quot sunt et steræ Sydera clara Polo.
Nil cultui tuæ mortis animam non angeret, ipsum
Cui fuit aut animi, cognita dona tui?
Nunc ad superos decus è, tua gloria, famam
Egregiam meritis est, quæ sine fine viget.
Sera tuum meritò laudabunt sæcula nomen,
Gens Monmouthica et semper in ore fuit.
Et magnificis extollent laudibus omnes,
Immensoq; tuum nomen in orbe canent.
Nunc superest lachrymis postremam ducere pompam
Funeris, et superis solvere vota tui.
Finis decus nostrum in Christo, quem confessus amâsti,
Atq; eris; Regno te locat ille suo.
Inter cælicolas sedes sublimis in aræ
Te tenet, in molli Christus et ille sinu.

EPITAPHIVM
Comitissæ Catharinæ aliquitur Hamiltem,
Iacobi Richmondiæ
Ducis Comitis, Comitissæ in Cleueri vxoris.

Vt valeas, gnatis est opus: ergo vale.
Siste precor lachrymas, gemitus; compesce dolores;
Haud equidem tanto talia digna viro.
Viue diù Comes illustris, neq; cuiuis sepulchro
Lumina; ni videas Nestoreo ære fluere.
At ubi Nestoreis plenus tua lumina guttis
Annis; opto Dei sit locus inter thronos.
Non moritur tua sponsa Comes, nec carcere mortis
Clauditur; ætherei vnum soluit vrna Poli.
Non opus hoc meruit, non fama, aut sanguinis ortus;
Sed dos æterni est vita beata Dei.

Comes Richardus Loquitur.

QVo feror in præceps? quisquis precor ista profatus,
Et vomit infandos longa querela sonos.
Siccine primaris castâ Richarde marite?
Lassa tenes viduo membra sepulta thoro.
Te nunc sublatâ, mihi quæ dabo oscula blanda?
Non minuet luctus ille voluptas meos.
Viuere pœna mihi quanta est? mors eripit illam
Maxima pars vitæ quæ fuit illa meæ.
Flendus amor meus est, mihi flendus, flendus amicæ,
Est Iuueni flendus, flendus et ille Seni.
Si pretio redimenda fuit tua [illegible]
Mors, equidem non te conderet [illegible]
Sed quia non possum pretio [illegible]
Te comitissa sequar [illegible]
Sors tua nunc melior quâ [illegible]
Nunc animas [illegible]

G.M.

Prosopopœia Richardi

Illustrissimæ Corcagiæ comitis, necnon vnius Hyberniæ totius justiciariorum principalis, & Clarissæ comitissæ, [illegible] virtutum dotibus insignissimæ, [illegible] prior colloquitur, [illegible]

V

Quo

QVó decerptus abit noſtri pulcherrimus horti
Flos intactus adhuc unum radix rara perivit?
Ecchо: Ivit. Tam generoſa? Ecch: Roſa? Haud roſa, ſive liguſtrum
Quæritur à nobis, ſed quam pater Orchamus olim
Suffodiebat humo privatum propter amorem,
Ecch: (Orem) dum flammas ſurivit Apollinis ultus.
Ecch: Thus? ſic illud idem, quo ſum placare penates
Et placare truces ſolitus Rhadamanthidos iras,
Nomine quæ proprio dicta eſt Catharina Boilla.
Ecch: Illa? Nitente comâ nectar redolebat, Ecch: olebat.
Quâ felice diu felix conſorte ferebar.
Ecch: Rebar. Abis meo (Ecch: Bo) complexu chara ſodalis?
Ecch: Alis. ſed malè me cognatæ germina linquis.
Ecch: Inquis? Sed videas quem deſeris, & petis hortum.
Ecch: Ortum. Per terras? Ecch: Errас. Quid in orbe ſolutum?
Ecch: Lutum. Dic igitur quónam referenda meabis,
(Cum nihil a te coneelo) Ecch: Cælo. Tuus ortus
Nobilis, herba poli, Quota qua dignatur Edenâ?
Ecch: Deus. vive jugiter, cæleſtes ede racemos,
Thuraq; cælicolis Catharina vale, vale.
Ecch: Æquè. Te ſequi Dij dent valeamus. Ecch: Eamus.

Leonardus Shartall. cent.

Memoriæ Sacrum.

Nobiliſſimæ, et pietate ſpectatiſſimæ Feminæ Catharinæ Comitiſſæ Corcagienſis nuper defunctæ.

FAlſâ ſæpè ſolent decorari funera laude
Et fictо plangi buſta dolore ſolent:
At tua laus verbis non eſt æquanda, nec ulla
Æqua poteſt meritis eſſe loquela tuis.
Oceanum parvâ numquis concludat in urnâ?
Iliadumve capax in nuce condat opus?
In nuce condat opus, tenuiq; reponat in urna
Oceanum, et vaſtas quas mare fundit aquas.
Numquis Atlanteo moneârit in æthere ſtellas?
Quervé ſolenne Hyblâ paſcere dicat apes?
Dicat apes citiùs, citiùs numeraverit aſtra,

Quàm poterit fatis digna referre tuis.
Pignus amicitiæ dederant tibi munera dotes
Vt sua quisq; deus, sic dea quæq; suas:
1 2 3 1 2 3
Scire, melos, formam dedit altum, dulce, venustam
1 2 3 1 2 3
Menti, linguæ, ori, Pallas, Apollo, Venus.
Candor et Idaliæ non concessura puellæ
Imbuerat vultum forma venusta tuum.
Pulchrior almæ tibi facie meus: candida quamvis
Ore fores, animi candidioris eras.
Formæ decens, mitis pietas, et candida proles,
Aurea pax, concors gratia, fidus amor,
Lauta domus, frons læta, tenax q; memoria, cuncta
Fortunæ comites sunt (Comitissa) tuæ.
Cur ego plura? tuas ego longè laudibus impar,
Nostraq; sunt meritis ora minora tuis.

SAMPSONS RIDDLE EXPOVNDED.

DEath was a rampant lyon gastlie fell
Till our victorious *Sampson* did him quell;
Since when, his breast, before a rav'nous tombe,
Is made a hive and hides a honey-combe.
The eater now brings meate, and in the strong
Behold is swarm'd the honey-gathering throng.

AN EPITAPH.

HEre under lies within these stones
Corkes faire *Countesses* sad bones.
Thou that readest doe not dreame,
These lines can hold so large a *theame*
As is her vertue: *Fame* hath writ
Tomes and *Sections* all on it:
Yet what there is writ in *grosse*,
All is *text* and nothing *glosse*.
There behold true noble worth
Set in her best *edition* forth:

Few *Errata*, nay scarce any,
Or if some, that some not many,
And if faultes be any there,
By her selfe those faultes all were
In repentance when she ended
As her *retractation* mended.
But the griefe is onely this
That the *Booke* imperfect is;
Death abruptlie broke the *storie*
Of her *deedes*, but not her glorie?
And none I feare dare goe about
To *finish* such a *storie* out.
'T's like *Virgils* verse to which none dare
Adde, where they imperfect are.

Will: Ince. Bacc: in art: & iur: soc.

In obitum Ornatissimæ Heroinæ Catharinæ Comitissæ Corcagiensis Elegiacum Elogium posuit

I: W: in Artib:

STirpe per innumeros atavos prognata celebri,
Nupta per insigni* Nobilitate viro,
Inclyta progenie, magnis Affinibus aucta es,
Moribus hæc superas qualiacunque tuis.
Nam Genus, et quæcunque modo non feceris ipsa
(Si templa livet fuerint) vis ea vestra vocat.
Ingenij quantus Candor, quàm culta loquela,
Quàmque sagax veri mens, meminisse tenax,
Larga manus miseris, supremi cuminis ardor,
Dum vix'ti, laudes concelebrare tuas,
Extincta desint? minimè. post funera virtus
Vivet in æternum dum tenet astra polum.
Spiritus ætereum dum possidet almus Olympum,
Et dum sarcophago molliter ossa cubant,
Semper honos, laudesq; tuæ, tua fama vigebunt,
Dicteris sexus gloria summa tui.
Quis tuum tremulo nomen repetiverit ore
Ingemet *An Clara Fœmina (mater) Obit.

*Catharina Boile Anag. Hæc vates Nobilis

*Catharina Boile Anag. Ah mea Clara obij

Ovidius

Occidit (ut Phœbus) cursu perfuncta, supremo,
Surgat vt aspectu candidiore, die.

PER EVNDEM.

AN EPITAPH.

BY Mariage, Issue, Friends, Allies and Blood
Scarce could one be more happie, none more good:
1 2 3 1
Great, Pious, Rich, Surpassed, Seru'd, Releu'd,
1 2 3 1 3
By Humblenes, Zeale, Almes, All, God, the Grieu'd,
1 3 1 3
All men, Poore, God, her Humblenesse, Almes, Zeale,
1 2 3
Reward, Paid, Crown'd, with Prayses, Prayers, Weale.
This *stone* her Body hath, her fame this *Nation*,
Heau'n hath her Soule, and we her *Imitation*.

EIVSDEM VOTVM.

SE'ing of this noble Payre (ah too soone) one
The *female* Turtle is to heauen flowne,
Wee after her doe this petition cast,
Th' other may longer stay but come at last.

In obitum Illustrissimæ Dominæ Catharinæ Comitissæ De)
Corke Carmen funebre.

FIrmum quid peperit natura volubilis orbis
Quæ dedit a fidiis non agitata malis
Fulmina quid mortis fugit et quid (quassa) ruinæ
Vulnera mortiferæ pernicitate lues
Hei mihi, nil superest; nihil est in imagine virum,
Omnia mors æquat, nemo suæ quemq; manet.
Stat sua cuiq; dies, nil non mortale verendum,
Exitij rabida cuncta furore ruunt.
Maxima subsidunt, ruit alto a culmine Troja,
Alta cadunt; pereunt tempore summa bonis.
Hen Catharina (vetus, tibi spernit nulla senectus)

Iuȝ nouo recubant frigida membra thoro
Vita fugit, ſed fama viget tua, viuis in illâ,
Quæ tibi dat nullæ poſſe perire manu.

In ejuſdem obitum.

ANNA.
Katherine Boyle.
Heere I take Nobly.

HOnour's a falling ſtarre, whoſe glitt'ring rayes
Diſſoluing mortals gaze at, till their dayes
Bee all expir'd; it wings vs vp on high,
Affecting ſeeming, fading Royaltie.

Vnconſtant nature ſets us on the ſtage
To manifeſt our actions, eating age
Blaſts and diſſolues natures faire frame, to day
Wee liue, to morrow die, and ſo away.

Thus diſſolution like a killing ſore
Strikes at our honors, cauſing vs deplore
Our ruining fortunes, being ſtripe of all
Perfection, Nature gaue vs, temporall.

Farewell then nature fraile, earth, world adues,
Nought that thou haſt is *reall* nothing *true*
Heere I take Nobly, this my graue ſhall bee
My way to heauens ioy and felicitie.

Guli. Donnuin. Arturus.

An Elegie vpon the much lamented death of the moſt worthy Lady the Lady *Katharine* late Counteſſe of Corke.

DEath is a tyrant in whoſe bloodie hands
The fatall doome of euerie creature ſtandes
Or 'tis a night whoſe canopie doth hide,
The glorie of the roſe, the lillies pride

Nay,

Nay, 'tis that churlish messenger of fate,
Which brings a period to each kind of state.
The fading blossomes of the smallest flowers.
Ne'r doe decay but in oppoynted houres.
The Cedars ne'r will reele, but when their date
Calls for a ruine of their present state:
In tyme the glorious sun will loose his light,
And yeeld the day to an eternall night:
Each thing will end, and what soe'r hath breath,
Must needes at last pay tribute unto death.

Katherine Boyle
Anagr:
On earth like Bay.

ONce thy unspotted soule did much adorne
That stately building where it selfe was borne,
Then did each grace bestowe on thee a name,
Which tyme should ne'r blot out, commaunding fame
To noyse abroade thy worth, and teach each pen
The way to write thy prayses unto men.
But now thy parted soule leaues that behinde,
Which was the temple of a sacred minde,
And least thy glorie in thy death should end
And be forgotten, vertue stands thy friend,
And bids thy honour liue, whilst that thy name
Liues with thy selfe within the house of fame.
If this be true, then I may justly say,
You on the earth still flourish like the *Bay*.

Ro: Conway Bach: in the Arts.

IN EANDEM.

ANnosus quamvis Phœnix se vertit in ignem,
Et propriis iterum pullulat exequiis,
Non melior veteri generatur corpore vultur,
Nec volucris formâ splendidiore nitet,
At Catharina tamen, quæ vivens rara per alia
Naturæ terris terrea dona dedit,

Pulchrior

Pulchrior evadit, maculis manet ista vesurgit
Expers culparum cœlica turba comes.

Art: Ware. B in art:

AN EPITAPH.

HEere lyes the mirrour of her sexe interr'd,
Boyles loyall Countesse, the trurving bird
Whom flames of death disloin'd to dust, from whence
Sprung a far fairer, which is flowne from hence
T'*Arabia Fœlix*, there to build her nest,
A place of pleasure, and of sweetest rest:
Zeales harbour, vertues darling, natures pride
Who liu'd religious and religious di'd.

G: B in art Bac,

WIthin the circuit of this mightie All,
There's nought diuine my mourning Muse dare call,
To lend her Elegie some dolefull aide,
Vnlesse those fatall *Parcæ*, to upbraid
Themselues in bitter language, and (though late)
For this presumptuous act themselues to hate,
With whose indulgent name had their sterne nature
E'r sympathiz'd, then surely such a creature
Had neuer perish't, till a riper yeare
Made haires in whitenesse like her soule appeare:
And then transform'd or by a new creation
In heau'n bene made another *Constellation.*
Heere *Honour* what by men is more admir'd.
Heere *vertue* what by God is more desir'd,
Heere both desir'd admired may be then,
Her vertue honour'd both by God and men.

Ar: Ware B in Art:

In obitum præclarissimæ Heroinæ Corcagiæ comitissæ nunquam satis laudatæ dominæ Carmen.

HAccine iura trium nos erimus a Sororum?
Nexia sic stabili pollice fusa trahunt?
Scilicet ante diem, fato concessa peribit
Illa? hoc in laudem sufficit, illa tuam?

Nay, 'tis that churlish messenger of fate,
Which brings a period to each kind of state.
The fading blossomes of the smallest flowers.
Ne'r doe decay but in oppoynted houres.
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To lend her Elegie some dolefull aide,
Vnlesse those fatall *Parcæ*, to upbraid
Themselues in bitter language, and (though late)
For this presumptuous act themselues to hate,
With whose indulgent name had their sterne nature
E'r sympathiz'd, then surely such a creature
Had neuer perish't, till a riper yeare
Made haires in whiteneſſe like her soule appeare:
And then transform'd or by a new creation
In heau'n bene made another *Constellation.*
Heere *Honour* what by men is more admir'd.
Heere *vertue* what by God is more desir'd,
Heere both desir'd admired may be then,
Her vertue honour'd both by God and men.

Ar: Ware Bin Art:

In obitum præclarissimæ Heroinæ Corcagiæ comitissæ
nunquam satis laudatæ dominæ Carmen.

HÆccine iura trium non evitata Sororum?
Nexia sic stabili pollice pensa trahunt?
Scilicet ante diem, fato concessa peribit
Illa? hoc in laudem sufficit, illa fuit?

Maiestæ humilis, victrix constantia, prudens
Simplicitas, illâ commoriente, gemunt.
Virtutum lucrum nec eum mors invida tandem
Exulta, et Martis conde trophæa mihi.
Vicisti? concessa, fines, nam rapta, negatum
Viuere, transfixum cuspide pectus, animam
Spiravit nemo frontem tot vulnera mentem
Extendat meritum gloria prima tuum.
It visura deum: quòd si quæ debita scandit
Gaudia, propitium gratia parta tibi.

MY verse did ecche the [illegible] eyes
Of the sad world, my pen drop'd elegies
Vntill (when throunges of griefe did ouer-fill
The too small hollow of my narrow quill)
Swolne pasion bursting through mine eyes, did giue
Their brine the office of a perspective;
Through a cleare glasse of standing teares I spy'd,
More plainely then before, thee never dy'd.
Wee thus survive dye still, whose chiefest parts
Wast for her absence, in our pining hearts
Shee ever liues; that after times may see
In dying hearts her liuing memory.

ANAGR.
Catherine Bale
Liue to liue long

EPITAPHIVM.

Peccati modò profæ ingo, tum libera, cellam
Extrexi tumulo subjacientis vapor.

Chr: Dav: Bacin ar

Inobitum nobilissimæ dominæ Catharinæ [illegible]
Coregis coniugi.

ANAGR.
Catherine Bale.
I lone to Clare

I lone

Bona, clara, Viri celebris cæstissima vxor,
Vt fumar meritis præmia digna tuis.
Tu bona pauperibus, pia vitâ, clarisq; fuisti,
Sic sancta; ad cælos bona, clara, pia.

IN EANDEM.

QVid mœstis teneri Lachrymis mutantur ocelli?
Quidve supercilium pendula ruga premit?
Num moritur? vivit, periit non, vivida Christo
Fulget et in cœlis lucida stella micat.
Hæc cinis ad cineres, animus sed ad æthera tendit:
Ista latet tumulo, læta triumphat ibi.
Vita perit, transit splendor, fugit alta potestas;
At semper virtus emicat, alma viget.

IN EANDEM

ANAG:
Catherine Boil.
Notable Rich.

RIch in great honors, title, place:
Rich in Religion, vertue, grace.
These were her riches, these her store:
Yet now more rich, then e'r before:
For leauing earth, with glory then
In heau'n is made *Rich notable.*

An Elegie composed on the much lamented death of the truely Noble and vertuous Lady, the Lady *Katherine* Countesse of Corke.

By *Daniel Spicer. Bac. in Arte.*

HAd'st thou beebe onely great my mournefull verse
Should ne'r haue wayted on thy funerall herse:
Nor would I once haue left my private feares,
To marke the ouerflowe of publicke teares,
Greatnes perchance may moue a seruile tongue,

To speake blacke wordes, howle forth a buriall song.
At his Lords death, or if his Lady dye,
In spight of wit to write an Elegie.
But what incites a free-borne soule, must fire
Be somewhat like it selfe, Celestiall, Pure,
Such as thou wert: whose solemne obsequies
When all men strous to keepe with generall cryes,
I scarce had tyme to aske whose deadfull fame
With a sad voyce presents the Countesse name,
And gaue it this addition, *Though death haue*
Done what it could to giue her worth a graue,
Yet whilst there liues a Muse, that dare Commend
Neglected GOODNES, *Eleaner shall attend*
The repetition of her name, and men
Shall make the world one booke, where every pen
May write and iustly too, Loe this is shee,
Whose merit hath deseru'd Eternitie.
Truth by Report shall play the Herald, and
Shew her descent; Her Grandsire of this Land
The Reuerend Chauncellor: so full of merit,
So vpright in his Acts, of so sweete spirit,
As just reproofe could neuer touch his name,
Or blot his Actions, with this Adage, Blame.
Her father by deseru'd especiall Grace,
A Priuie Counseller, and held the place
Of secretarie of this Honourd state,
Till death seal'd vp his life, and set his date.
Next age shall, (I will not while it they liue
Leaue) could seeme to flatter, when I giue
True worth it's due) commend her Nuptiall fate;
That made her happie in her Wedlocke state:
Match'd with a Noble, and Religious Lord:
Can all the breath, that we can lend, afford
More life vnto his name, then what hath bin
Done by his Maiestie, who hath plac'd him in
This Irish Gouernment, as one whose wise,
Sincerity, and Iudgment, made him fit

To manage great deſignes, and ſit at helme
In this ſoe dangerous and disordered realme.
The loue he bare her in his ſorrowe liues.
And on her death an Epicædium giues.
To Memorize the loſſe of his Lou'd wife,
The deare copartner of his happie life,
Bleſt Mother of Eight Daughters, and Fiue Sonnes;
Through whoſe Heroicke veines his old bloud runns,
With *Comfort* to his Soule, ſince euery one
Is a firme *Cube* or a *foundation ſtone*,
Where vertue builds a place for Honours ſeate,
And Honour ſtriues to make ſcorn'd vertue great.
BRAVE LORDS, and you, within whoſe Infant yeares,
Promiſing hope of as much good appeares
As I can wiſh, let your Ambition bee
To Imitate her Actions: for though wee
Should, with the vtmoſt of Inuention, ſtriue
By an Immortall verſe, to keepe aliue
The dying Memory of ſome mighty Man,
Her *Goodnes* hath done more, then all we can:
Leauing her ſweete Remembrance, ſpight of death,
To keepe her with vs, Fame ſhall take new breath
To tell her ſtory, and the world ſhall ſee,
'T was but her ſhadow dy'd, it was not ſhee.
And NOBLE LADIES (if my Muſe can breake,
Through your ſtrong griefes, that you may heare her ſpeake)
Be pleaſ'd ſhe may perſwade you drie thoſe eyes,
Where ſorrow (louely now) enthroned lyes:
The teares that drop from them, may wel command
Attendance of ſuch floods, might drowne the Land
And cauſe a ſecond deluge, leaue no roome
Or ſpace on earth, where we may build a Toombe
To treaſure vp her ſacred aſhes in,
(All that ſhe loſt or all that death could win.)
Yet if ſhe want a Monument, each heart
Shalbe a *Graue-ſtone*, whereon her deſert
In true expreſsions ſhall at large be writ,

To ſpeake blacke words, howle forth a buriall ſong,
At his Lords death, or if his Lady dye,
In ſpight of witt to write an Elegie.
But what incites a free-borne ſoule, muſt fire
Be ſomewhat like it ſelfe, Celeſtiall, Pure,
Such as thou wert: whoſe ſolemne obſequies
When all men ſtroue to keepe with generall cryes,
I ſcarce had tyme to aſke yet ſtill deadwill fame
With a ſad voyce preſents the Countеſſe name,
And gaue it this addition. *Though death haue*
Done what it could to giue her worth a graue,
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Whoſe merit hath deſeru'd Eternitie.
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So vpright in his Acts, of ſo ſweete ſpirit,
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A Priuie Counſeller, and held the place
Of ſecretarie of this Honourd ſtate,
Till death ſeal'd vp his life, and ſet his date.
Next ages ſhall, (I will not whil'ſt they liue
Leaſt I ſhould ſeeme to flatter, when I giue
True worth it's due) commend her Nuptiall fate,
That made her happie in her Wedlocke ſtate:
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Yet if ſhe want a Monument, each heart
Shalbe a *Graue-ſtone*, whereon her deſert
In true expreſsions ſhall at large be writ,

That as we read we may admire at it.
I wonder ſickneſs durſt adventure on
The ſeizure of her body, ſure ther's none
May ſcape a diſſolution, ſince ſhe's dead,
Whom the faire iſſue of a Loyall bed
Circled with honor'd Greatnes, could not ſaue,
But Honour, Greatnes, Wealth, all muſt to graue
And be no more, take Being with the Light,
Shrinke into nothing and are gon ere Night.
It muſt be ſomewhat elſe, that ſtoops not at
Corruptions becke: Diuine perfection, that
Giues Immortality, her ſoule had got,
By the perufall of what God hath wrot
In awefull Scriptures: what their depth contain'd,
So oft ſhe try'd, and had ſuch Knowledge gain'd,
That I haue heard a Reuerend man profeſſe,
If of the Bible you could but expreſſe
A ſentence, as't was writt, (ſuch was her ſkill)
She could denote the verſe and chapter ſtill
Me thinks my ſoule hath loſt her earthly mould,
When I doe heare what a great Lady could,
Liue in theſe idle tymes, yet not partake
Of their ſtrange vanityes, ſuch as may ſhake
The ſoundeſt judgement of the wiſeſt man,
And bring him to diſtractions, if he ſcan
Their number, and their greatnes: My yong yeares
Haue knowne ſo many they augment my teares,
And almoſt make my faultring tongue forget
Its tribute to her Care, which ſtill was ſet
On what might place her in her makers loue:
In, and to him, did her affections moue:
She knew her ſelfe, and knew that in her was
Nothing that might the meaneſt wretch ſurpaſſe,
Such a corrupted lumpe, ſo full of ſinne,
Of Impure droſſe, as ſtraight ſhe did beginne,
To wiſh a ſeperation 'twixt her ſoule,
And her vnwelcome corpes, which did controule,

And ſtop the paſsage of that free Commerce
Whereby ſhe might with her deare God converſe
In more immediate manner, face to face,
And ſee his glory as ſhe felt his Grace.
Her children (thoſe to whom my Muſe doth owe
All that ſhe can, and thoſe of whom I knowe
Should envie ſpeake the worſt, the worſt would bee
That they are vertuous) 't was her care to ſee
Walke by that Rule, by which her ſelfe was lead
The Word of God, which frequently ſhe read,
And had their wiſh'd attention; her deſire
Was not to haue them, as theſe dayes require,
Phantaſticke, or whats worſe—yet what might ad
A Grace to Nature, or their place, they had
By Education giuen them, what the Art
Of the acuteſt Maiſters could impart.
One ſayes, *To teach by Precept goes about,*
Example leads the neareſt way: no doubt
Shee vnderſtood ſo much, whoſe practiſe taught
More then dead words could doe, Religion wrought
With ſuch true zeale in her ennobled breſt,
She would not be, vnleſse ſhe could be beſt.
As if ſhe knew, God in remembrance layd
Rather what Good ſhe did, then what ſhe ſayd.
When I haue ſeene her with a liſtning eare
Waite on the *Preachers* tongue, there did appeare
Such formes of Godlines, ſuch loue, ſuch awe,
As there, and truly there (me thought) I ſawe
Deuotion hid vnder a Ladyes vaile.
Pure ſoule if my deſires can ought prevaile.
Teach me the way thou went'ſt, that I may haſt,
Death giuing timely wings, where thou art plac't,
And leaue this ſinfull earth, where ſorrowes are
Our beſt of paſtime, and our Comforts, Care.
Yet in this want of Goodnes (tell me) why
Did'ſt thou forſake vs? had'ſt no tyme to fly
Vnto thy proper home, but euen then

When

When thy best succour was expected? men
Had hope that by thy helpe, vertue at length
Might take new life, and gaine her wonted strength:
But it was thus: God would not trust a Gemme,
Of such vnvalued price, to be with them
That knew not its true worth, and therefore gaue
Charge to a Guard of Angells, which should haue
The conduct of her soule, to lodge that Treasure
Within a jewel house, of heavenly pleasure:
Her body's left, to haue it's latest due
Perform'd by funerall rites: One word to you
Whose art adorns her Herse, with large records
Of what her blood, and Pedigree affords,
What e'r her Armes are let her Crest be this,
A GOVLDEN HAND, it will not be amisse
To limne it GIVING, let the word be such,
As may expresse her bounty to be much:
If e'r a *Tombe* be built, I'de haue the man
That cutts her *Picture*, with what skill he can,
Decipher *Charity* in her lye dead,
Clad in a *Robe* of *Honour*, at her head
Place *fame*, to tell succession, *Heere doth lye*
Deceased Boyle, and these words shall imply
As much, as all the studied lines, that wee
Offer in loue vnto her Memory.
You may doe well to graue poore peoples eyes
Grow'n blind with weeping for this losse, their cryes
Cannot be *Eccho'd* by your *Art*, which teach
The farthest bounds of this great Ile, and teach
Report how she in after times may raise
So faire a *Trophy* for her liuing prayse.
Poets shall Glory, that they could reherse
Her *Honour'd Name* within their numerous verse:
For my part (since my witt cannot bring forth
Ought of my owne, that may commend her *worth*)
Had I a *Daniells*, or a *Draytons* vaine,
I'de spend it here, and neuer write againe.

Mourne

MVtata est rerum facies, vidisse putares
Turgida Saxificæ Gorgonis ora viros.
Alloquitur num quis? dicentis lingua palato
Hæresci t, voces et titubando ruunt.
Vult exaudiri? narratur fabula surdo.
Cui vis cæsaries ut teges alta manet.
Esurit? insuetum retinent alimenta saporem,
Dulcia qui dederat potus, amara sapit.
Membrane sternuntur? dormire (papaveris etsi
Petaret semen dulce) quiete nequit.
Rore soporatus lethæo dormiat? errat
Extincta ante oculos sæpius umbra Dea.
Lætitiæ in somnis vanæ spes carpit inanes,
Quæ strepitu forsan dissoluuntur anus.
Deceptum posito cum cernit imagine Somno,
Se plorat miserum lætitiamq; suam.
Tantus terricolas animi dolor occupat omnis,
Fiunt vt Niobe saxa dolendo viri.
Luxit Isaciparam fidissimus Abraha Saram,
Dorcada munificam fœmineumq; genus.
Funera præclari soboles properata Iacobi
Plorabat Septem collacrymando dies.
Te verùm (Catharina Soli Pandora) peremptam
Flebimus (haud Septem) Septuaginta dies.
Nulla dies minuet lacrymas, vix ulla querelas,
Quas pro discessu fundet Ierna tuo.
Non quoniam exterros queritur mors occupat artus,
Sed quod atrox animum fecit abesse bonum.
Sydera cæruleo quot sunt præfixa Pyropo,
Alga tulit gemmas quotue Erythræa leves,
Munera (quæ numen cornu tibi fudit aperto)
Sederunt animo tot (Catharina) tuo.
Summam Relligio tenuit primamq; Cathedram,
Ancillabantur Spes proba, casta fides.
Nil tamen innocuæ virtutis imagine mota,
Nil parcit Dominæ mors violenta piæ.
Marcuit (ah) gelidæ rosa frigore Mortis, Iernæ

Sustinuit phœnix tela cruenta necis.
Sarcophagus capit ossa (tenax pars parvula terræ,)
Mens petit æthereas non peritura domos.
Decidit ut vivat, vivit nec decidet unquam,
Quam fovet æterno mitis amore Deus.
Excussit Christus maculas *quas vitæ gerebat,*
Veraq; supremo est iam Catharina *polo.*
Nec tibi displiceat quòd sit conjuncta marito
(Boyle) *novo, Thalamo non rediturа tuo.*

Ἐλάμπε (αἰ) δώκατον ἔτος, ὅτε ἦν ἀπ' οὐλαν
Ἑκατόμβων κρείων ἀγανὸν σεβίζων.
Καπνὸν δ' ἀπ' ἀσπίλων ἀλσέων πυθέσθαι,
Ῥᾶσα πόλις γαῖά τε λιγύφωνοι ἀοιδοί.
Οἱ γὰρ ὑπ' Ἀτρείδαις σωτῆρι αἰολίζιν ἰφύλαιδι:
Ἀπόλλωνι ΗΝ κεκτημένῃ τᾷ ΑΡΙΘΕΑ ΚΑΑΤΕΗ.
Εἰ πάντων δίδοι σεφοφάτη μέτρια βίλαι
Ὀνόματα ἰμμερτίας, ἀλλόντα πλέος.

Rob. Parry.

A funerall Elegie vpon the much lamented death of the truly Honorable and Noble Lady the Lady *Catharine* Counteſſe of Corke.

HAd I the ſiſters nine aſſiſting ſkill,
Apollo's learning, or *Minerua's* quill,
Yet ſhould I faulter in the blaz'ning forth
The true perfection and admired worth
Of this deceaſed *Angell*. who now went
From us to heauen whence ſhe at firſt was ſent.
Can the large volume, and vnreckon'd ſumme
Of her deſerts, (A theame for age to come
To Comment on) be in this narrow fold
(So large a Theame in ſo ſmall roome) enrould?
It Cannot be; we may more eaſly put
The ſpatious *Iliads* in a ſlender nut.
Th' Inſatiate graue (whoſe mouth ſhould haue bene *dumbe*)
Hath of her dayes now *counted* vp the *ſumme*,
And ſet a *totall* to them: Cruell fate
That to her glory did ſo ſoone giue date.
Her Corpes the Earth (Gods wardrope) ſafely keepes:
Her ſoule in *Abrahams* boſome ſweetly ſleepes.
Then let's not mourne, when certainely we know
T' was God, her God, the God that lou'd her ſo
That chang'd her ſtate, for vaine delights and toyes
To Grant her pleaſure and eternall joyes;
For with Cæleſtiall troops ſhe euer ſings
Her Heauenly Anthems to the *King* of *Kings*.
Then let's rejoyce, not doubting but ſhe is

With Christ her Sauiour in perpetuall blisse.
O happie shee becauſe shee feeles no vvoe;
Vnhappie we vnleſſe her ioyes we knowe.

In obitum ejuſdem.

STella micans tenebris ſæpè eſt abſcondita nigris,
Et roſa quæ viguit, marcida ſæpe iacet.
Fœmina ſplendidior ſtellâ iacet obruta glebâ,
Neſcio quo talis ſydere tacta roſâ,
Stellam ſphæra novam Cœlimunc ſumma recepit,
Atq; roſam fœlix hanc paradiſus habet.

A Funerall Elegie on the death of the noble and Illuſtrious Lady Catherine Counteſſe of Corke.

ANAG:
Catharine Boyle.
A noble charitie.

IN ſtately throne within thy royall breſt,
VVere rareſt vertues: chiefe of all the reſt
Raign'd charitie, which in thee noble was
And made thee truely noble: and even as
A ſplendent lampe that clearely giueth light
Another added makes it far more bright:
So of thy ſelfe it truely may be ſaid
That noble birth of charitie had ayde.
Loe all thy vertues liue which thou haſt left.
To comfort vs being of ioy bereft.
So that all men doe much admire to ſee,
In noble birth ſuch NOBLE CHARITIE.

IMplacabilibus pereant licet optima fatis,
Atque itidem ſubitò quæ valuere, ruant:
Non ea ſors famæ mundi dum machina durat,
Aſtabit meritis gloria digna tuis.

Carol: Wolsly.

Carmen funebre in obitum nobiliſſimæ Heroinæ Catharinæ Comitiſſæ Corcagiæ.

HEu. Dolor, planctus, lachrymæq; mœſtæ,
Næniasq; triſtes gemitu canoro
Flete; nam noſtri cecidit matrona
Inclyta Regni.

Quâ nihil maius meliuſve terris
Fata, vel iuſti ſuperi dederunt,
Nec dabunt, quamvis redeant in annos
Tempora priſcos.

Ergo cur Parcæ rapuere nobis
Fœminam claram? Pietate purâ
Illa ſplendeſcit, Decus atq; noſtræ
Gloria gentis.

Illa (quæ quondam Pietatis almæ
Culmen, et famæ Columen beatæ)
Alta nunc celſi ſuper aſtra Cœli
Laude refulget.

Vere dum florent viola tepenti,
Dum fretum curvâ reſonabit vndâ,
Nulla ſors famam, rapietq; veſtram
Nulla vetuſtas.

Sic Deo viuas, valeaſq;, vincas;
Sic diu excelſis Catharina Cœlis
Splendeas, ſplendens velut inter ignes
Luna minores.

C

An Elegy on the much lamented Death of the right Noble and truly vertuous Lady *Katharine* Counteſſe of Corke.

AWake ſad ſorrow from thy ſlumbring bed:
Shake of the Chaines of Morpheus, rouze thy heade:
Sound doleſull dytties in thy Mournefull layes,
Exchange ſad Cypreſſe for the verdant bayes:
For when my Infant Muſe begins to ſpeake,
Thy heart muſt or diſſolue to teares, or breake
Nor canſt thou chooſe but mourne, when ecchoing Cryes

 Invite

Invite diſtilling droppes from watry eyes,
To moane her living death, And Griefe ſtill beares
Deepe laden Sorrow in a ſtreame of teares.
But is the Flower of pure Religion blaſted?
And the bright ſhining lampe of honour waſted
Wanting the oyle of life? Ah then I ſee,
Death is chiefe Actor in this Tragedie.
Grim Death hath ſhott his Arrowe, and that flight
Aymes how to wound the heart of all Delight.
Accurſed Fortune! That one fatall blowe
Should cauſe her parting, and the Kingdom's woe.
But Fates brooke no reſiſtance: For their fury
Vents the iuſt verdict of th' eternall Iury:
What Heauen's enact, they practiſe, and their frownes
As well checks Monarchs as the rudeſt clownes.
For with impartiall Iav'lins they do ſtrike
The lofty Cedars and low ſhrubbes alike:
Elſe ſhould the Venome of their cantred ſpight
Not croppe this hopefull bloſſome of Delight
In its full grouth of glory: No. All know
The faireſt bloſſomes doe not alwayes grow:
Ayre-cooling froſts doe nippe the earely ſprings,
The ſerpent hiſſeth while the Lennet ſinges;
Ripe fruites fall ſooneſt: and the Swan tunes beſt
When death ſit's victor on her plumed Creſt.
Stay: ſure we warlder (Muſe) exhale thy breath
To grieue for her thou canſt not bring from Death:
Haue we not cauſe to ſigh and ſighing moane
Moaning to mourne, becauſe our ſoy is gone?
Honour hath left its owner, Vertue flyes;
For endles reſt into the ſpangled Skyes:
Religion leaves vs and Herſelfe exalts
From earthly *Manſions* to the Heav'nly *vaults*:
And *Charitie* of right brings vp the reare
To guard her in Deaths furious *Combat*; where
Since theſe proue Victors, we command loud *Fame*
To voyce ſhrill Ecchoes of Her worthy Name.

An

An Elegie &c:

SO rest in Rest (Great Lady) 'till the sound
Of heav'ns loud *Trumpet*, raise Thee from the ground
To mount the Azur'd skye; where thou shalt sing
Continuall Prayses to thy heav'nly king.

An Epitaph.

REader; gaze thy selfe to Wonder,
Melt thine eyes in teares; for vnder
This hard *Cabinet* of stone,
Lyes a *Iewell* match't by none
And becausse 'twas priz'd so deare,
It leaues the World, and lyeth heere.

Thom: Andrewe

In nomen illustrissimæ Heroinæ *Catharinæ* Comitissæ de Corke præmatura morte correptæ.

ANAGR:

CATHARINA BOILE.

EN ABII CHARO LÇTA.

EN abij (Charo fateor) sed charior illo
Excipit hospitio me, fovet, audit, amat.
Quòd Charum liqui, doleo; sed lætor abundè,
Chara quòd excelsi me capit vlna dei.

Geor: Gun:

Εἰς ἀυτὴν.

Ἀναγρ. Catharina Boyla.
Ὁ ἐμὸς Cῆρ ἔη κάλλη.

Ἀ δυσάρης δυσάρεστε διακρίσιος πάντας ἐρίνδ
τῶς ἀγαθῶς; ἀυτὸς ἐσς Cῆρ ἐσὶν ἐδὲς.
Ἀπ' ὧν ἐγκρίθην πάντων παλάγξ φίλεσιν
τὰ ἀρίσ; Λίξαν νῦν ἔχ τὴν ςυμφόρων,
ΚΑΛΑ ΒΙΩ μαῖρα ΘΤΡΗ. λοιπὸς βίβασον
χαρὰ φίλῃ, ἀρχὴ μαῖρα νῦν ἐσὶ Cῆρ.

Io. Wyther.

Εἰς τὴν τῆς Μητρώνης, ἐν ἁγίοις, ἐν εὐσεβείᾳ λαμπρᾶς μνήμην.
KATHERINHN, τὴν ἐξαιδέστατε, κεκμηκυῖαν,
Δεσποίνης, Τιλνεϋ ἐλεγεῖον.

Ὦ τύμβος ἕνιχε, σχετλιοσύμφορε ἐσθλὰ δαίσας.
Κειμηλεῦσι λυπῶν πολὺ μειζόνα θῆκας ἄγων.
Θυμοβόρους κραδίης ἰοὺς πλείονα πλήξας ἀίστως.
Τῆς παραπλησίους μήτε πεμφθῆναι κλέος.
Καὶ πρώϊον θανάτου ἀτίμητος ἀλγεϊλάτης.
Θέσκελά τε λαμπὰς ἀφθίτου πολυχρύσου ὕλης.
Ἔνδυε ἰῶφρόσυνα, καὶ ἀνοίξατο χαρμονὰ ταῖς.
Ἔνδυ ἀταδιαλῶν ἀμοιβὰς βίος ἐς Ἐφρονῆ.
Ἔνδυ δεῖπνους μακέρων χέρας, ὑψιμέτρου
Θεσπαίης αὐλαῖς Ἐσθλῆς μόλωσι ἑρμῖνες.
Γραμμάτων ἔστι σοὶ (Ἥρως πάτρια) θῆλυ
Εὐσεβείᾳ τ' ἀρετῇ τε, θεῷ, χαρίεσσάν τ' ἀνθρ.
Κυδίστῳ ἀλεχῶ πολυπρίατον ἀμείτῃ.
Εὐνοῖς ἦ μήτηρ, παῖδές τ' ἀμύητρις ἔσται.
Ἐν παιδοῖσι μάτηρ, ἐν μήτρῃ παῖδες.
Δυσζώστῳ πενίᾳ φθιμένοιο βίοτος ἐλοίνας,
Καὶ (ἐπεὶ αἰ ἐπιεῖν) τὸ μέλι ἐσθλὸν ἔπεφνε.
Θοὸν ἀρπαλέως τιμῶσιν ἐμοὶ νοεῖ, ἐδὲ γέροντες.
Καὶ πὴρ ὀλιγόπυρος ἐν σώμασι σῶμα κρυόφθι.
Μίμνουσι ἐν μερόπεσσι ἔρωτες ἀφθίτου ἀγνὸ,
Ἠδὲ ἀοιδίμοις ζώοντ πάρος ἔρωτες ἐόντες.
Ψυχὴ ἀθανάτη, καὶ ἀγήρως, ἐψιλόθρονος,
Λιθίης φύσεως σπαθίων, ζαθέων δονήσεις.
Οὐρανὸν ἀνίβω μεγάλῳ Ἐσπλίσεται ἀγαθῷ.
Πάντων ἐμὴν πρὸ ἐπιστᾶσι, ἐδὲ,
Ἄφθιτον ἀνταῖς δίζυε θάλλομεν φίτυσι
Αἰθέρος ψυχῆς μέλα πεμπόμενοι αἰνέσει.

Geo: Langford.

IN EANDEM.

HEu leges et acerba trium decreta Sororum,
Heu funesta dies mœsta, dolenda pijs.
Cor gemitus, fletus oculos, suspiria pectus
Complent: sic lachrymæ gaudia summa vetant.
Matrona virtute pia vitalia liquit
Claustra calor: mortis vi Catharina iacet.
Huic pietas, fortis ardens in pectore virtus.

Quid

Quid plura? hæc longi carminis *instar erunt.*
Æternum sine morte decus memorare canendo
Aggrediar laudes: hic labor, illud opus.
Forma, genus, pietas animi, flos ille pudoris,
Matronalis honor, numina sancta juvant.
Orbibus ipsa innexa caput, vestita, sole
Auricomo vivit, fama perennis erit.

Ric: Vnderwood.

In obitum Dominæ virtutis, et Pietatis Nominibus celeberrimæ, *Catharinæ*, Nobilissimæ Comitissæ Corcagiæ Carmina.

OCcidit heù pura virtutis candida fautrix,
Occidit, et terras liquit, et astra petit.
Fælix quòd tetigit *tam longæ tempora vitæ,*
Fælix, quòd fastos viderit illa dies.
Stemmate Nobilium claro prognata parentum,
Illustri conjux consociata viro.
Pulchra parens prolis pulchræ virtutibus almis,
Illa fuit studijs fœmina nota piis.
Exequias elegis *celebremus tristibus atras*
Quòd fugit; Eulogiis, quòd manet illa polo,

Ric: Sherlocke.

An Elegie vpon the death of the right honourable and vertuous Ladie the Ladie *Katharine*, Countesse of Corke.

VVHen as we see the day waxe old, then night
(we say) approaches to o'rvaile that light,
And shroud the heavens face and clearest eye
Within the pleates of its darke canopie.
So when the liquid bud of youth doth fade,
And once begin to wither, that the shade
Of obscure age, o'reloakes the glisterjng beames,
Of shining youth and stoppeth vp the streames,
Of that stil flowing spring, then is our death
Attending always to bereave's of breath:

Yet oft in primeſt age is interpoſ'd,
A cloude of darkeneſſe and our days diſpoſ'd.
This Ladie's night drew on: but now dead night,
(Her ſun though ſet) yeelds an eternall light.
Life is departed, but our plaints are left,
To waile her death who is of life bereft,
Her ſoule is fled, and nought but ſighs remaine
With vs, to ſend her to the Elizean plaine.
Could not a ſea of teares iſſu'd from theſe
Sad eyes of men, deathes furie once appeaſe?
And could not our ſad ſighs bribe tyrant death,
Once to be partiall, and afford her breath?
Oh cruell death, that makes our teares to flow
Above the bankes of our vnhappy woe,
Had vertue power to ſtay the deſtenies.
We then had ſpar'd our mournefull elegies.
Sure ſhee ſhould live, for ſhee was borne to bee
The livelie picture of true pietie.
The *Axis* ſhee's whereon the ſpheare of good
Once had its motion, and whereon it ſtood.
Now the *laſt period* is ſet to her dayes,
But not a period to her *laſting* praiſe.

In obitum Heroinæ
Integræ vitæ,
Sceleriſque, puræ
CATHARINÆ
Honoratiſſimæ Comitiſſæ de Corke,
Carmen Funebre.

OMnia fatorum vepit implacabilis ira
Quæ luſtrat radiis humidu luna ſuis.
Virtus, Muſarum volumina mens ſq; piorum
Effugiunt tantum tela cruenta necis.
Atropos ergo tuos noli iactare triumphos,
Eſt tantum mœſtæ terreæ præda tibi.
Heroina tuas hæc Illuſtriſſima fauces
Famâ, ac parte ſuâ nobiliore fugit.

Quam-

Quamvis nulla forent animi nunc carmina grati,
Vivet fama solo, mensq; beata polo.

Alex: S:

In obitum clarissimæ fœminæ Catharinæ Boyle, Heroinæ Corcagiensis Carmen funebre.

FAllor? an ignotis spectris me somnia ludunt,
Dum suadent soles surgere in axe duos?
Sed quid sit video, cæles Comitissa petitti,
At nihilo splendent clarius inde dies.
Causa subest, lachrymis cum nubo obducitur opacâ
Phœbus abit, saltem lumina nostra fugit.
Alter habet cælos, Catharina illustrior illis,
Astra colunt Phœbum, sed regit illa solum.
Non magis Ortigio vaga numine Dele superbit;
Nec magè seruato Gnoscia terra Ioue,
Quam locus, et fines, domus hæc, hæc tota juventus
Deplorant lachrymis tristitiæ fata suæ.
Dissona vox istis: excessum flemus utrinq;,
Gaudia sunt illinc, hinc dolor absq; modo.
Dum simul exclamans resonat, flet, plangit Ierna,
Sponsa, senex, juuenis, fœmina, vir, puer.
Nunc linquunt lepidæ loca quondam grata Camenæ,
Antra fugit madidis musa benigna genis.
Ecce Diana feras spernit, sic Pallas Olivam:
Grana Ceres, Bacchus nectar, Apollo lyram,
Siluanus baccas, Calamos Pan, flumina Tethys,
Neptunus pisces, mel Rhea, Plutus opes,
Consilium Consul, fructus Pomona, Iuventas
Hebe, Mercurius nuncia, Sanus, Sol.
Cuncta dolent obitum CATHARINÆ, *funera lugent*
Quicquid ad Auroram sol ab Atlante videt.
Nos pariter tantis Diuûm [illegible]
Pignora mœstitiæ Carmina nostra damus.

Valent: Browne.

EPILOGVS.
Ad Comitem.

TRistia quæ fuimus queruli modò fusta secuti,
Pierides lachrymis sic coluere suis.
Non tamen audaces speramus carmina (lector)
Hæc valeant laudes æquiparare suas.
Quas capiat liber hic, eius quàm fusula famæ
Vel posuêre modum vel tribuêre parem.
Si quid at occurret rudior quod lima polivit,
Adverte, ut distant meritis et ingenium.
Nobis dictabat lugubres nenia versus,
Sola dabit tersos musa iocosa modos.
Interrupta crebro gemitu mens anxia fudit
Carmina de calamo qualiacunq; suo.
Parcius est (scimus) præsens schediasma; loquatur
Cui levis, nimio vestra dolore stupet.
Tuquè cui offerimus mœsti monumenta doloris
Hæc, capias quali læta fuere manu:
Sisque diu felix, donec (Comes inclyte) cœlis
(Sed serò) Comitem congrediare tuam.